Richmond Times-Dispatch

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Old Time Indian Life at the Panama-Pacific Exposition

Chief and Mrs. White Hawk, of the Ogalala Sioux Tribe, Mounted and in Gala Attire as They Appear Nearly Every Day at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco.

Princess Nelva, of the Winnebago Tribe, from the Nebraska Reservation.

A Typical Navajo Indian Baby at the Panama-Pacific Exposition

THE Red Man's race is thinning in the United States. You have to travel thousands of miles to see a real Indian tepee. The great Indian chiefs who gave valiant battle to the white men who were "winning the West," have one by one shuffled off the mortal coil in recent years and have joined "the Great Spirit."

It is because the first race of the New World is passing that the Indian representation at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition is of such compelling interest. From the reservation in Montana Pueblo and Navajo Indians have been brought to the exposition, and live as at home in typical New Mexican and Arizona Indian villages.

In the Pueblo village the huts of the Indians are reproduced, their trades, arts, crafts, their huts of worship. Indian men and women go about their business of making pottery, weaving blankets, doing their bead work and tending to their children in a perfectly matter-of-fact manner.

The men do the housework, take care of the children, sew and men. The women do the work requiring skill and infinite patience.

One of the aristocratic Blackfeet Indians is Chief Three Bears, who is 105 years old, and carries his age lightly. Three Bears has been through seventeen wars with Sioux Indians. He still carries with him on his travels three scalps of Sioux Indians which are among his prized trophies.

They sit for hours, these one-time hunters of the bison, smoking their pipes or black cigars, without uttering a word.

At times they talk. Usually conversation comes with the arrival of letters from home, from wives and children in the Blackfeet Reservation in Montana. The announcement of a death in the reservation brings a moroseness that lasts for days. They are disappointed, these Indian chiefs. Their race is dying out. The old ones are going. And the young ones——. Well, "children will be children." The young Indians are soft. They do not come into the hardships into which their parents came. Even the Indian cannot escape the effects of civilization.

"When I was a child," one of these Blackfeet chiefs said in his broken English, "they threw me into the water. If I drowned, I drowned. If I came out alive, I was a hero. I swam to the shore, and was a hero after that."

This hardy though brutal schooling in manhood is no longer permissible, even among Indians. So the old chiefs of the Blackfeet tribe smoke their pipes and think ruefully of faded glories, of vanished deeds of heroism and of the slow ringing death knell of the Red Man's race.

A Pueblo Indian Mother and Her Child Seen at the Fair Just as They Live at Home.

Chase Inside and Kicking Bear, Ogalala Indians, Exhibiting One of Their Tribe Dances at the Exposition.